SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtlandt's appearance there. Multimillionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gives him the address of Flora Desimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtlandt enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanora Courtlandt arranges for an alibi. Eleanora reappears and accuses Courtlandt of having abducted her. His alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"No, none at all, monsieur," quickly and decidedly.

"In my opinion, then, the whole affair is a hoax, perpetrated to vex and annoy you. The old man who employed the chauffeur may not have been old. I have looked upon all sides of the affair, and it begins to look like a practical joke, mademoiselle."

"Ah!" angrily. "And am I to have no redress? Think of the misery I have gone through, the suspense! My voice is gone. I shall not be able to sing again for months. Is it your suggestion that I drop the investigation?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, for it does not look as if we could get anywhere with it. If you insist, I will hold Monsieur Courtlandt; but I warn you the magistrate would not hesitate to dismiss the case instantly. Monsieur Courtlandt arrived in Marseilles Thursday morning; he reached Paris Friday morning. Since arriving in Paris he has fully accounted for his time. It is impossible that he could have arranged for the abduction. Still, if you say, I can hold him for entering your apartment."

"That would be but a farce." Nora rose. "Monsieur, permit me to wish you good day. For my part, I shall pursue this matter to the end. I believe this gentleman guilty, and I shall do my best to prove it. I am a woman, and all alone. When a man has powerful friends, it is not difficult to build an alibi."

"That is a reflection upon my word, mademoiselle," quietly interposed the minister.

"Monsieur has been imposed upon," Nora walked to the door.

"Wait a moment, mademoiselle," said the prefect. "Why do you insist upon prosecuting him for something of which he is guiltless, when you could have him held for something of which he is really guilty?"

"The one is trivial; the other is a serious outrage. Good morning." The attendant closed the door behind her.

"A very determined young woman," mused the chief of police.

"Exceedingly," agreed the minister.

Courtlandt got up wearily. But the chief motioned him to be reseated.

"I do not say that I dare not pursue my investigations; but now that mademoiselle is safely returned, I prefer not to."

"May I ask who made this request?" asked Courtlandt.

"Request? Yes, monsieur, it was a request not to proceed further."

"From where?"

"As to that, you will have to consult the head of the state. I am not at liberty to make the disclosure."

The minister leaned forward eagerly. "Then there is a political side to it?"

"There would be if everything had not turned out so fortunately."

"I believe I understand now," said Courtlandt, his face hardening. Strange, he had not thought of it before. His skepticism had blinded him to all but one angle. "Your advice to drop the matter is excellent."

"For I presume," continued Courtlandt, rising, "that mademoiselle's abductor is by this time safely across the frontier."

CHAPTER VI.

Battling Jimmie.

There is a heavenly terrace, flanked by marvelous trees. To the left, far down below, is a curving, dark-shaded, turquoise body of water called Lecco; to the right there lies the queen of lakes, the crown of Italy, a corn-flower sapphire known as Como. It is the Place of Honeymoons. Rich lovers come and idle there; and lovers of modest means rush up to it and down from it to catch the next steamer to Menaggio. Eros was not born in Greece: of all barren mountains, unstirring, Hymettus, or Olympus, or whatever they called it in the days of the junketing gods, is completest. No; Venus went a-touring and abode a while upon this same gracious spot, once dear to Pliny the younger.

Seated on one of the rustic benches, his white tennis shoes resting against the lower iron of the railing, a Bavarian dachel snoozing comfortably across his knees, was a man of fifty. He was broad of shoulder, deep of chest, and clean-shaven. He had laid aside his Panama hat, and his hair was clipped closely, and was pleasantly and honorably sprinkled with gray. His face was broad and tanned; the nose was tilted, and the wide mouth was both kindly and humorous. One knew, from the tint of his blue eyes and the quirk of his lips, that when he spoke there would be a bit of brogue. He was James Harrigan, one time celebrated in the ring for his gameness, his squareness, his endurance; "Battling Jimmie" Harrigan, who, when he encountered his first knockout, retired from the ring. He had to his credit sixty-one battles, of which he had easily won forty. He had been outpointed in some and had broken even in others; but only once had he been "railroaded into dreamland," to use the parlance of the game. That was enough. He understood. Youth would be served, and he was no longer young. He had, unlike the many in his peculiar service, lived cleanly and with wisdom and foresight: he had saved both his money and his health. Today he was at peace with the world, with three sound appetites the day and the wherewithal to gratify them.

Today "Battling Jimmie" was forgotten by the public, and he was happy in the seclusion of this forgetfulness. A new and strange career had opened up before him; he was the father of the most beautiful prima donna in the operatic world, and, difficult as the task was, he did his best to live up to it. It was hard not to offer to shake hands when he was presented to a princess or a duchess; it was hard to remember when to change the studs in his shirt; and a white cravat was the terror of his nights, for his fingers, broad and stubby and powerful, had not been trained to the delicate task of tying a bowknot. By a judicious blow in that spot where the ribs divaricate he could right well tie his adversary into a bowknot, but this string of white lawn was a most damnable thing. Still, the puttering of the two women, their daily concern over his deportment, was bringing him into conformity with social usages. One thing he rebelled against openly, and with such firmness that the women did not press him too strongly for fear of a general revolt. On no occasion, however impressive, would he wear a silk hat. Christmas and birthdays invariably called forth the gift of a silk hat, for the women trusted that they could overcome resistance by persistence. He never said anything, but it was noticed that the hotel porter, or the gardener, or whatever masculine head (save his own) was available, came forth resplendent on feast days and Sundays.

Leaning back in an iron chair, with his shoulders resting against the oak, was the Barone, altogether a different type. He was frowning over the pages of Bagot's Italian Lakes, and he wasn't making much headway. He was Italian to the core, for all that he aped the English style and manner. He could speak the tongue with fluency, but he stumbled and faltered miserably over the soundless type. His clothes had the Piccadilly cut, and his mustache, erstwhile waxed and militant, was cropped at the corners, thoroughly insular. He was thirty, and undeniably handsome.

Near the fountain, on the green, was a third man. He was in the act of folding up an easel and a campstool.

From a window in the villa came a voice; only a lilt of a melody, no words,—half a dozen bars from Martha; but every delightful note went deep into the three masculine hearts. Harrigan smiled and patted the dog. The Italian scowled at the vegetable garden directly below. The artist scowled at the Italian.

"Fritz, Fritz; here, Fritz!"

The dog struggled in Harrigan's hands and tore himself loose. He went clattering over the path toward the villa and disappeared into the doorway. Nothing could keep him when that voice called. He was as ardent a lover as any, and far more favored.

"Oh, you funny little dog! You merry little dachel! Fritz, mustn't; let go!" Silence.

The artist knew that she was cuddling the puppy to her heart, and his own grew twisted. He stooped over his materials again and tied the box to the easel and the stool, and shifted them under his arm.

"I'll be up after dinner, Mr. Harrigan," he said.

"All right, Abbott." Harrigan waved his hand pleasantly. He was becoming so used to the unvarying statement that Abbott would be up after dinner, that his reply was by now purely mechanical. "She's getting her voice back all right; eh?"

"Beautifully! But I really don't think she ought to sing at the Haines' villa Sunday."

"One song won't hurt her. She's made up her mind to sing. There's nothing for us to do but to sit tight."

The artist took the path that led around the villa and thence down by many steps to the village by the waterside, to the cream-tinted cluster of shops and enormous hotels.

Below, in the village, a man entered the Grand hotel. He was tall, blond, rosy-cheeked. He carried himself like one used to military service; also, like one used to giving peremptory orders. The porter bowed, the director bowed, and the proprietor himself became a living carpenter's square, hinged. The porter and the director recognized a personage; the proprietor recognized the man. It was of no consequence that the new arrival called himself Herr Rosen. He was assigned to a suite of rooms, and on returning to the bureau, the proprietor squinted his eyes abstractedly. He knew every woman of importance at that time residing on the Point. Certainly it could be none of these. Himmel! He struck his hands together. So that was it: the singer. He recalled the hints in certain newspaper paragraphs, the little tales with the names left to the imagination. So that was it?

What a woman! Men looked at her and went mad. And not so long ago one had abducted her in Paris. The proprietor threw up his hands in despair. What was going to happen to

"I Am a Prince," He Said Proudly.

the peace of this bucolic spot? The youth permitted nothing to stand in his way, and the singer's father was a retired fighter with boxing gloves!

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In the ballroom that evening that little son of Satan called malice-aforethought took possession of Nora; and there was havoc. If a certain American countess had not patronized her; if certain lorgnettes (implements of torture used by said son of Satan) had not been leveled in her direction; if certain fans had not been suggestively spread between pairs of feminine heads,—Nora would have been as harmless as a playful kitten.

From door to door of the ballroom her mother fluttered like a hen with a duckling. Even Celeste was disturbed, for she saw that Nora's conduct was not due to any light-hearted fun. There was something bitter and ironic cloaked by those smiles, that tinkle of laughter. In fact, Nora from Tuscany flirted outrageously. The Barone sulked and tore at his mustache. He committed any number of murders, by eye and by wish. When his time came to dance with the mischief-maker, he whirled her around savagely, and never said a word; and once done with, he sternly returned her to her mother, which he deemed the wisest course to pursue.

"Nora, you are behaving abominably!' whispered her mother, pale with indignation.

"Well, I am having a good time . . . Your dance? Thank you."

And a tender young American led her through the mazes of the waltz, as some poet who knew what he was about phrased it.

By way of parenthesis: Herr Rosen marched up the hill and down again, something after the manner of a certain warrior king celebrated in verse. The object of his visit had gone to the ball at Cadenabbia. At the hotel he demanded a motor-boat. There was none to be had. In a furious state of mind he engaged two oarsmen to row him across the lake.

And so it came to pass that when Nora, suddenly grown weary of the play, full of bitterness and distaste, hating herself and every one else in the world, stole out to the quay to commune with the moon, she saw him jump from the boat to the landing, scorning the steps. Instantly she drew her lace mantle closely about her face. It was useless. In the man the hunter's instinct was much too keen.

"So I have found you!"

"One would say that I had been in hiding?" coldly.

"From me, always. I have left everything—duty, obligations—to seek you."

"From any other man that might be a compliment."

"I am a prince," he said proudly.

She faced him with that quick resolution, that swift forming of purpose, which has made the Irish so difficult in argument and persuasion. "Will you marry me? Will you make me your wife legally? Before all the world? Will you surrender, for the sake of this love you profess, your right to a great inheritance? Will you risk the anger and the iron hand of your father for my sake?"

"Herr Gott! I am mad!" He covered his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOKE NOT ON THE PROFESSOR

Class Laughed at Student's Intended Witticism Just a Few Moments Too Soon.

Professor Williams of the Greek department at the University of Wisconsin has a certain dry humor that is sometimes the despair of his students. One of his prize students who was addicted to the use of the interlinear was trying to blunder through a passage of Aeschylus recently and was making a bad job of it. It became evident after the first line that the young man was in deep water. Beads of perspiration dampened his forehead as he tried to blunder through the passage, wallowing helplessly and raising the distress signal. Professor Williams showed no mercy, nor offered to throw out the lifeline to the sinking man. The latter appealed dumbly for relief and at last broke down completely.

"Professor," he said, "you have missed your vocation."

"Yes? And what should have been my vocation?"

"You should have been a broncho buster."

The professor waited until the ripple of laughter had died away.

Then he replied: "It amounts practically to the same thing. I am a mule driver."

Stories Old and New.

Some men are born story tellers, some achieve the story telling faculty, while others—who constitute the great majority—can only sit in amazement and listen to the man who can glibly reel them off, one after another, as if they were all new, fresh and original. You can recognize a good story by the number of times you meet it, for the good story is picked up and repeated, interchanged, enlarged, improvised and spread, until it is liable to reappear, as natural, or in disguise, at the four corners of the earth, and at widely separated periods of time. That's what makes the modern story teller such a delight, because until he finishes you cannot know whether you are about to meet an old friend or be initiated into novel mysteries. The redeeming feature of it is that every year another crop of listeners grows to maturity for whom the old ones are always new, and who, in consequence, must be the perpetual inspiration and the living encouragement to the story teller.

Kept Alive by Electricity.

The attention of surgeons at the General hospital, Birmingham, England, has been occupied by the most remarkable case of a lad eleven years of age. He was admitted to the institution suffering from a tumor on the brain, the removal of which necessitated a most serious operation.

While the surgeons were at work the patient stopped breathing and artificial respiration was resorted to. During the course of the operation a large portion of the skull was removed, and when the pressure from the brain was lightened the lad began to breathe again. An electric battery was applied to the chest, and the muscles being thus affected the breathing motion produced proved sufficient to keep the lad alive.

SPREADING LIGHT IN AFRICA

English Missionaries at Work Among People Who Purchase a Wife for a Knife.

Two English pioneers have penetrated the almost unknown country of the Niam Niam tribes in Central Africa, with the intention of founding a mission station. These are Mr. C. T. Studd, the famous cricketer-missionary, and Mr. A. B. Buxton, his future son-in-law.

They have reached a village called Niangara, in the territory of the Azandi, in the northeast of the Belgian Kongo.

"Living," they write of Niangara, "is cheap: Fowls, 10 cents; eggs, one cent each; bananas, 4 or 6 cents per 100; pineapples, 2 cents each; rice, 20 cents per 5 pounds; flour is not to be had; sugar, 50 cents per pound; and scarce at that; no tea; we estimate a man can live on $10 a month, including food and servants."

"The actual advance of the travelers has been slow, as they were delayed by the bearers laden with their baggage, but they have made various excursions from their camping places on a bicycle, ridden turn and turn about. It finally collapsed with a broken fork."

One of the bright spots of the journey was the discovery of the native village blacksmith, able more or less successfully to repair the damage.

Polygamy is practised among the Azandi, and Mr. Studd's bearers, having a little coin in their possession, were anxious to buy knives from him at 80 cents apiece, explaining that they could get a wife for each knife, a price, however, which they regarded as grossly exorbitant.

The missionaries, who are now setting to work with their own hands to build themselves permanent habitations, are beginning to pick up a few words of the native language, which has never been reduced to writing, and they intend soon to attempt preaching in public. They already have in view the establishment of a hospital, and it is hoped that some lady missionaries will be ready to face the hardships entailed and will work among the Azandi women.

IN NEED OF ITS TEACHINGS

Able Seaman Had Not Read "Little Book," But Evidently It Might Have Done Him Good.

The chaplain of one of our cruisers had a knack of presenting small Bibles, neatly tied in a parcel, to men on the upper deck. That it contained a Bible he carefully refrained from mentioning, merely saying, "Here is a little book you'll like." He gave one to Able Seaman Spikes. One day, a week later, he approached Spikes as the latter was smoking on the upper deck. "How do you like the little book, Spikes?" Spikes' mind flew to his ditty-box, in which the little parcel, still intact, reposed. He slowly removed his pipe. "Very interesting, sir—very." "Glad to hear that you have started reading it," said the parson. "Started, sir? Why, I've finished it (Spikes had no idea what the book was); don't take me long to read a book, sir, especially a good book. But there, sir, it ended like all the others—got married and lived happy ever after."